

Too Much Sugar by crystalkeery

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Summary:

Steve has too much sugar and has no filter.

Too Much Sugar

Author's Note:

Shared from my tumblr, stevesfawcettspray.
Prompt requested by sashadawn1991 on tumblr.

“Dude, don’t you think you’ve had enough?” Billy reached over to inspect Steve’s second pint of chocolate ice cream, seeing that he was nearly done with it already. It had only been 20 minutes and Harrington had downed two pints of the stuff.

“I think I know when I’ve had enough,” Steve jerked the carton back from Billy and continued digging his spoon into it, aiming to get every last bit.

Steve’s cheeks were flushed and his eyes were wide - like he was on drugs or something. But, nope. He’d just had way too much sugar tonight. Steve and Billy were partnered up for a science project, much to Billy’s dismay, and had planned to hang out and get some shit done. But, all they ended up doing absolutely nothing having to do with the project. They were on their fifth movie of the night, the Harringtons’ large, flat screen television playing *The Blues Brothers*.

Not only were they goofing off by watching movies instead of doing their project, Steve had convinced Billy to go on a snack run with him and get a bunch of junk food. Billy never took Steve for a sugar addict until he saw the way the brunette tore into a Hershey’s bar.

“If you’re sure,” Billy shrugged his shoulders, looking ahead to the TV screen. Billy had only eaten a small container of Pringles and called it a night. He’d have to work all that salt off somehow when he got back home the next day.

“I’m positive. Don’t you worry about me, baby,” Steve licked his lips and set the spoon into the now empty container and got up from the couch, grabbing Billy’s hand, “Come on, let’s dance!”

Billy’s dark brows furrowed before raising in suspicion. “First of all - baby?” However, he didn’t pull his hand away from Steve’s. He was a

little skeptical about Steve's intentions, but wasn't against it.

"Oh, shut up and dance with me, you big idiot." Steve found an amount of strength to pull Billy up from the couch so their chests were pressed together. Steve looked absolutely giddy.

"Yeah, I think you definitely had enough sugar for tonight, pretty boy." Billy chuckled, hands on Steve's hips to hold him close.

Steve somehow looked even giddier. "You think I'm pretty?" Steve started swaying back and forth to music he must have been hearing in his head.

Billy followed his lead, rolling his eyes at the hyper boy. "Yeah, Harrington, I guess you're kinda pretty-"

"Well, I think you're a major hunk," Steve suddenly turned around, ass against Billy's front, almost similarly to during basketball practice, "Y'know, I used to be threatened by you, but now I know why everybody likes you. You're hot."

Billy threw his head back in a hearty laugh, "Really now? Why don't you tell me how you really feel, Harrington?" His hands remained on Steve's hips. This just felt like the correct position the two should always be in.

"You're totally hot and built and tan and yeah. You're sexy." Steve continued going on and on, then turned to face Billy again. "I kinda have a crush on you. I mean, maybe kinda, but I'm not really sure. It's not like love, it's like a like-like."

Billy stopped Steve from speaking by pressing his lips against Steve's, tasting the chocolate on his lips and tongue. "Shut up, pretty boy. And don't tell anybody about this."

"I probably won't even remember once I crash," Steve admitted, grinning against Billy's chin. And that's how it turned out, with Steve exhausted in the morning and not remembering a single thing but how much sugar he had.